

A POTENT DRUG.

The Great Value of Quinine—Its Universal Medical Use.

No other substance in the whole range of the materia medica has been so great a boon to the human race as quinine; and in later years it has been administered to many ailing domestic animals with decided benefit. A vast amount of suffering has been alleviated by it; and many hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved or prolonged, during the settlement of our new country, where there has been constant exposure to decaying accumulations of centuries of vegetable growth. "Ague," "chills," "fever-and-ague" have been the things, of all others, to be dreaded by those going into new regions, especially those covered with forests in some what level countries. We well remember that when our neighbors, in families and groups, emigrated to the wilds of Michigan, the first inquiry made concerning them was whether they had yet had, or how they got through with the inevitable intermittent fever, or "fever-ague," as it was usually termed. During the late war, probably more men were placed hors du combat, and came home with health shattered by malaria than perished from the rifle and cannon missiles. It is perhaps safe to say that the amount of suffering from this cause would have been doubled had not quinine been a leading article in the army medical supplies.

The large increase in the average length of human life during the last forty years is due in no small measure to the increased production of quinine, and its almost universal use by physicians. The writer of this can but speak with gratitude, and feelingly, on this subject, after suffering more or less for a dozen years from the effects of malaria brought home from long day and night service in the hospital camps of Virginia during 1863-64. Finding little relief from any other treatment, excepting when residing among the mountains of Switzerland, he began the use of quinine in 1876, by the advice of the late Bishop Simpson. The change was wonderful. With the exception of a temporary prostration by heat in the summer of 1883, he has not lost a dozen days from ill-health since taking the Bishop's advice; and to-day by the continuance of very small quantities of quinine only, he is more vigorous than even in "the prime of life" period, between 40 and 50. He goes through fourteen to sixteen hours a day of vigorous work, and even enjoys it. We attribute this almost wholly to quinine, and one reason why will be seen further on.

A little history of quinine will be interesting. The natives of some parts of South America, particularly in Peru and Ecuador, had long known the beneficial effects of the bark of the Cinchona tree or shrub. Perhaps from its having been found largely in Peru, it received the appellation of "Peruvian Bark." It has, in its different varieties, been called Cinchona bark, Callisaya bark, and a score of other less common names. One report is, that the Spanish Countess of Cinchon, whose husband had been Viceroy of Peru, brought the remedy into Spain on her return in 1640. After its introduction it was sold by the Jesuits for its weight in silver. It only became generally known in England and France just about 200 years ago. But the powdered bark, or a decoction of it, was mainly employed up to the present century, and in leading medical works of only forty years ago, the bark was chiefly specified. Since then, the work of extracting quinine, or quinine, from the bark, has gone forward with rapid strides, and during twenty-five years past the use of quinine has very greatly extended. There is now made and used double if not three-fold the quantity of twenty years ago. The English government established the culture of the cinchona tree in East India possessions, and these plantations are now supplying an immense amount of the bark from which quinine is extracted. The present unprecedented low price is largely due to this new source of supply.

Quinine is an alkaline substance obtained by chemical processes somewhat tedious and expensive from cinchona bark, which yields 2 to 3 per cent of its weight. This quinine, or quinine, is now almost universally used in the form of a sulphate—a union of the alkali with sulphuric acid—and whenever quinine is spoken of without qualification, the sulphate of quinine is meant. The reader has doubtless noticed that in all prescriptions the sulphate of quinine is specified. Its effects are quite similar to the powdered bark, or the simple quinine. During the war when providing it for the use of the United States Sanitary Commission, or for private use, it cost, if we remember rightly, about \$100 a pound, or \$6 to \$8 per ounce. To-day it is quoted in Europe as low as \$1 an ounce (437 grains), and can probably be bought in large quantities as low as that in New York. This very low rate, as stated above, is due to the present overstock, resulting in part from the production of the cinchona trees by the English government. It is said that even with the recent great improvement in the processes of manufacture or extraction present prices are below actual cost. But it is doubtful whether the wholesale price will ever raise to \$2 an ounce, unless it be during the temporary "corner." Formerly there were only two or three manufacturers in our own or in any one European country. Now there are several, and competition is likely to keep prices within reasonable limits. The old charge of 3 to 6 cents a grain may be maintained by druggists dealing it out in small doses; but any one can get an ounce of sulphate of quinine for from \$1.50 to \$2.

We do not believe in recommending any medicine to promiscuous use. We refuse all medical advertisements because, however good a medicine may be, no unprofessional person can say that this or that may be used or useful in his case. What may be highly valuable to one, may be injurious or even poisonous to another, and no one but a quack will offer to cure or prescribe for a distant person on his own statement of his symptoms. The best physicians will not prescribe for them-

selves, well knowing that they can not do so safely when their own judgment is distorted by ill-health and therefore unreliable. But we consider quinine in small doses to be tested and increased after carefully observing its effect as one of the safest and most universally useful medicines for ordinary illness.

It has a specific effect in destroying malaria in the system, and is an antidote for intermittent fevers and many other ailments. In our own experience of its use we reason thus: Strength, recuperation from a low condition of system, can only come from good food well digested; but if the system, and especially the digestive organs, be out of sorts, be weak, they will not digest food well. Now, one, two, or more grains of quinine taken before, or even with the meal, tones up the digestive organs, enabling them to perform their appropriate work. The food thus digested enters into and builds up the system and thus restores strength and vigor. So, when weary and languid at the close of a day's work, if before partaking of a late dinner on arriving home, one takes a grain or two, or more of quinine, it tones up the system to appropriate a good meal, which in turn furnishes the vigor and strength needed for another day's toil. As the quinine itself is a vegetable or organic substance, it is digested along with the food, and is wholly out of the blood in a few hours. During the past eight years the writer has probably taken from 18,000 to 20,000 grains, seldom over ten or twelve grains in one day, and often none. Contrary to the long-held opinion of physicians it does not lose its effect from continuous use. When in full vigor and not over-worked, it is omitted, but in this case, usually within a week, the old malarial symptoms, the heritage of the war camp, reappear very plainly.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Vanderbilt and a Cripple.

As nearly as I can ascertain, Vanderbilt's gift of \$500,000 to the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons all came from a small incident. Vanderbilt stopped at a wayside inn in upper New York, as it is his custom of an afternoon, to rest his horses and take a glass of gin and water. The place is known to our horsemen as Barry's, and is commonplace enough, except for being the stopping-place for Vanderbilt, and for that reason a resort for the chronic roadsters. While he stood with his back to the bar, his elbow on it, and a glass of grog—"two fingers of Holland gin, two of hot water and a spoonful of sugar"—a pitiable cripple entered—a little boy, with misshapen legs and back awry.

"How did you get in such a shape, sonny?" Vanderbilt asked.

"I was runned over," the urchin replied.

An accident on the road had special interest for the questioner, and he inquired the particulars. The little fellow had been overturned and trampled on by a fast horse. He was too poor to be doctored at home, and his mother had foolishly objected to his removal to a hospital where he might have received proper treatment, but he had been taken to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where applicants get inadequate attention, or only such as will serve as illustrations to the lessons which the students are learning, the facilities being so limited as to preclude anything further.

It chanced that Prof. Doremus, the specialist in chemistry, dropped into the bar-room at this juncture. In answer to the king of mammon's questions he said it was a pity that this college, with the most skillful of surgeons in its faculty, and the incentive to utilize injured persons at once to their own benefit and the teachings of the students, was prevented from doing so by the limited quarters and scant facilities. He said that a big building would serve as good a purpose as he knew of in the whole range of New York charity. From that directly came Vanderbilt's unexpected \$500,000.—*New York Cor. Albany Journal.*

White Bread.

It appears to be a fact that this small quantity of alum whitens the bread. In this, as in so many other cases of adulteration, there are two guilty parties—the buyer who demands impossible or unnatural appearance, and the manufacturer who supplies the foolish demand. The judging of bread by its whiteness is a mistake which has led to much mischief, against which the recent agitation for "whole meal" is, I think, an extreme reaction.

If the husks, which is demanded by the whole-meal agitators, were as digestible as the inner flour, they would unquestionably be right, but it is easy to show that it is not, and that in some cases the passage of the undigested particles may produce mischievous irritation in the intestinal canal. My own opinion on this subject (it still remains in the region of opinion rather than of science) is that a middle course is the right one—viz.: that bread should be made of moderately dressed or "seconds" flour rather than over-dressed "firsts" or under-dressed "thirds," i. e., unsifted whole-meal flour.

Such seconds flour does not produce white bread, and consumers are unwise in demanding whiteness. In my household we make our own bread, but occasionally, when the demand exceeds ordinary supply, a loaf or two is bought from the baker. I find that, with corresponding or identical flour, the baker's bread is whiter than the homemade, and correspondingly inferior. I may say, colorless in flavor, it lacks the characteristic of wheat sweetness. There are, however, exceptions to this, as certain bakers are now doing a great business in supplying what they call "home-made" or "farm-house" bread. It is darker in color than ordinary bread, but is sold, nevertheless, at a higher price, and I find that it has the flavor of the bread made in my own kitchen. When their customers become more intelligent, all the bakers will doubtless cease to incur the expense of buying packets of "stuff" or "rocky," or any other bleaching abomination.—*The Chemistry of Cookery, in Popular Science Monthly.*

LINCOLN ON LIQUOR.

A Speech at a Temperance Meeting Thirty Years Ago.

Mr. Luke C. Grimes, formerly City Librarian and an active politician, has for thirty years taken a deep interest, at intervals, in temperance movements. He is at present a member of Perry Lodge, order of Good Templars, and Great Commander of the Knights of the Cross in the State of New York. During the Washingtonian temperance excitement about 1853 or 1854 he was present at a meeting where the late President Lincoln made a speech, and the story of the interesting event, as told by him, is as follows: "One Sunday afternoon in 1853 or 1854, I am not certain of the year," began Mr. Grimes, "I attended a meeting in the large hall on the top floor of the building on the southeast corner Broome street and the Bowery, given under the auspices of Neptune Division, Washington Sons of Temperance. The same apartment is used to-day for the meeting of Franklin Lodge of Good Templars. The meeting on the occasion of which I speak was presided over by Daniel Walford, who is still alive and engaged in the good work, being a member of Hope Lodge, Good Templars. After an opening address by the presiding officer, the audience was called upon for five-minute speeches. Many were made, but the material vivingsigns of being exhausted Mr. Walford resorted to direct personal appeal, and addressing a person who was modestly seated in a remote corner of the room, said: 'Perhaps our friend in the corner will make a few remarks.' The audience instinctively, of course, gazed in the direction indicated by the speaker, and saw the gaunt uncouth form of a very tall man slowly arise from a seat. A half-suppressed titter ran through the assemblage at the appearance of the individual. He was clad in homespun garments of a grayish color, which added to the quaintness of his aspect. So leisurely did he rise from his chair that it seemed as though he must be about 7 feet high. His complexion was sallow, his cheeks sunken, and his hair and beard were black—the latter slightly grizzled. But the most remarkable feature was his eyes; they were deep sunken in the sockets, jet black, and they glowed like coals of fire, and impressed me with the fact that their possessor was no ordinary man. Well, at last he had risen to his full height, and was seen to be of much more than average stature, but slightly stooped. After a deliberate survey of the audience for a minute or two, he began to speak, and I tell you it was not long before the titter I spoke of gave place to murmurs of applause and admiration, and he wasn't restricted to the five-minute rule either. I can only give a mere outline of the address. He dwelt of course upon the evil effects of liquor drinking, and illustrated his speech with many amusing anecdotes, but one feature I recall very distinctly, and that was a tribute paid to his mother, in which he said that what ever success he had attained, and whatever force he had brought to bear to resist temptation he felt was due to the principle of self-reliance inculcated by his mother; that she always taught him that he was responsible for his acts, and could do either right or wrong as he should choose. He said furthermore: 'In the Far West, whence I come, rum has not yet made the ravages that mark its dread path in the crowded cities of the East, and I trust there shall never be found wanting earnest men to warn the pioneer that his labor will be useless unless he excludes from his presence the dread destroyer, rum!' These were the words of the speaker as near as I can recollect, but I recall distinctly the concluding sentence of the speech, which was as follows: 'I am from the Far West on my way to Washington, and my name is Abraham Lincoln.' None of his hearers had ever heard the name before, but all realized that the owner was an able man. When the meeting broke up Mr. Lincoln passed out with the crowd, and I never saw him again till I was introduced to him at the Astor House in 1861, when, as he said, perhaps prophetically, he was on his way to Washington to the Presidency and to his death.—*New York Telegram.*

Two Beautiful Americans.

Thirteen or fourteen years ago, writes a New York correspondent of *The Pittsburg Chronicle*, we chanced to be spending the early part of the gay season in Nice, the French watering place. It was a most brilliant winter socially, dozens of pretty women daily held their court triumphantly, and it was conceded that there had not been gathered together for many a year such a garland of beauty as a glance at the ball-room of the Casino would nightly display to admiring hundreds. There were a great many Americans, of course, as where are not our ubiquitous country men or women to be found? Of course there was no lack of gossip, and prominent among those talked about were two ladies, companions of ours, the one a widow, neither young nor pretending to be, of magnificent presence, rich and charming, giving superb entertainments, and living like a princess.

This ladies name has since become in its way famous enough, for it was no other than Mrs. Hicks, now Mrs. Hicks-Lord, with a hyphen. The other lady was one of the most beautiful and fascinating women I have ever seen. A perfect siren among men, she was young, of perfect manner, faultless of form and features, with a voice enchanting sweet in speaking, and leaving nothing to be desired when, as rarely happened, she condescended to sing to the two or three favored ones counted among her friends. Both of these ladies were usually seen surrounded by gentlemen, and rarely were they found in public with other ladies. At first they did not seem to know each other, but finally they appeared to have formed a friendly acquaintance, and from thenceforth were often to be discovered the center of one of the cliques which always abound at watering-places. The second of these ladies was then known as

"Mrs. Beecher." It was rumored that she was not a widow, but a divorcee, and one fine day, shortly after the arrival of some fashionable New Yorkers at the Hotel Chaurin, we began to hear a lot of gossip of a most unsavory nature concerning an escapade and subsequent flight from New York. Mrs. Beecher's social star set naturally after this, and she left Nice precipitately.

Some years later a friend called on us as he passed through Chicago on his return trip from China, and during the conversation told us Mrs. Beecher had married the Count de Pourtales and was moving in the best society in Japan. There had been some hesitation on the part of the American ladies resident in Japan on her first appearance among them, but her charm of manner and pleasing address, together with her perfectly correct life, which at that time was above criticism, had disarmed the most censorious, and at the time our friend related the incident the Countess de Pourtales was at the head of the best Anglo-Japanese society. A resume of the rest of this beautiful wretch's career has been printed in most of the dailies within a week, with appropriate and highly moral warning thrown in.

Few, I venture to say, are sufficiently hardened to have read the account of Mrs. Beecher's death unmoved, and the picture presented so vividly to the mind of the beautiful woman, defenseless in the arms of her barbarous assassins, pleading for life, after bravely though vainly attempting to defend herself, denied that, and begging to be mercifully shot, only to be brutally strangled to death and her body thrown into the river—sent to eternity without one moment's warning, with all her sins unrepented of—without a shudder of horror and a throb of pity for the miserable unfortunate. The frightful story has haunted me since I first read it, and twenty people at least have said to me within a few days: "I can't get the awful death of Mrs. Beecher out of my mind." To-day an old friend met me, and in the course of conversation the subject was again referred to, when to my astonishment, my friend said: "You mean to say you believe all that nonsense about Mrs. Beecher? Why, it is nothing in the world but a sensational hoax. Mrs. Beecher is alive and well, and pursuing the somewhat uneven tenor of her way in London. How the story originated no one knows, but that Mrs. Beecher's pretty head is still attached to her shoulders, and that she is in no bodily danger at present, either from the prime minister or from his base minions, is an undoubted fact."

Our Presidents.

Mr. Cleveland will be the twenty-second president of the country. Of the presidents, seventeen were elected and four—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur—succeeded to the office from the vice presidency. Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected by the house of representatives in default of an election by the electoral college, and Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected by the commission selected to decide the disputed election of 1876. Seven of the presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant—were elected a second time.

Gen. Grant was the youngest of the presidents when inaugurated, being 47; Pierce and Garfield were 49; Polk and Fillmore, 50; Tyler, 51; Lincoln, 52; Van Buren and Taylor, 55; Washington and Johnson, 57; Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams, 58; Monroe, 59; John Adams and Jackson, 62; Buchanan, 66; Harrison, 68. Garfield died the youngest, not having reached his fiftieth birthday; Polk was 54 at his death; Lincoln, 56; Pierce, 65; Taylor, 66; Washington and Johnson, 67; Harrison, 68; Tyler and Monroe, 73; Fillmore, 73; Buchanan, 77; Jackson, 78; Van Buren, 80; John Quincy Adams, 81; Jefferson, 83; Madison, 85; John Adams, 91.

The honor of furnishing presidents has not been evenly distributed among the states; Virginia, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York, Ohio, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Illinois furnishing all the incumbents so far. Cleveland will be the third president from New York—Van Buren and Arthur being his predecessors.

It is somewhat remarkable that no member of the United States senate should ever have been elected to the presidency at the time of his incumbency. Disregarding the fact that experience in this body ought to fit a man for the high office, the people have ignored the senators. The army has furnished a large number of presidents, and, with the exception of Hancock, McClellan, and Scott, no military man nominated for the office has failed of election. Washington owed his elevation to his success in the field. Jackson's record in the war of 1812 was the wave which lifted him into the white house; and Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield wore the epaulets of a general before they were honored with the chief magistracy of the nation.

There are now two ex-presidents living—Grant and Hayes—and after the 4th of March Mr. Arthur will make a third.

An Historical Egg.

Of an iron egg in the Berlin Museum the following story is told: Many years ago a prince became affianced to a lovely princess, to whom he promised to send a magnificent gift as a testimonial of his affection. In due time the messenger arrived, bringing the promised gift, which proved to be an iron egg. The princess was so angry to think that the prince should send her so valueless a present that she threw it upon the floor, when the iron egg opened, disclosing a silver lining. Surprised at such a discovery, she took the egg in her hand, and while examining it closely discovered a secret spring, which she touched, and the silver lining opened, disclosing a golden yolk. Examining it closely, she found another spring, which, when opened, disclosed within the golden yolk a ruby crown. Subjecting that to an examination, she touched a spring, and forth came the diamond ring with which he affianced her to himself.

WORMLEY AND SUMNER.

The Death of the Former Recalls an Incident Connected with the Funeral of the Great Statesman.

A Washington telegram to *The St. Paul Pioneer Press* says: The funeral of the late James Wormley in this city, a few days ago, furnished a very clear illustration of the remarkable change made in the public opinion during the past twenty-five years, and at the same time shows that true merit can no longer be held down by race prejudices. There was a colored man who, by his own force of character and innate qualities, rose from poverty and obscurity to a position where he commanded the respect and esteem of what is called the higher or better class of the community; whose obsequies were attended by men distinguished in war as well as in statesmanship, and whose remains were borne to the grave by the representatives of the most prominent and successful business men of this community, regardless of color or previous condition. Watching the mournful cortege which followed the remains of this colored man to his grave, and noticing the proximity to the casket of well-known and prominent white men, I was reminded of an incident in the life of Mr. Wormley which occurred only ten years ago, when the remains of Charles Sumner were the occasion of a like mournful procession. Mr. Wormley was a warm friend of Mr. Sumner, and the latter was bound to the Massachusetts senator by cords of genuine affection. None grieved more sincerely than Mr. Wormley over Sumner's death, and of all the mourners who attended his funeral none shed more genuine tears. During the lying in state and the ceremonies at the capitol, Wormley was ever present, and his great affection led him to follow the dead senator to Massachusetts that he might witness the last offices of sepulcher. The funeral arrangements were in charge of a joint committee of congress, of which Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, was chairman, and J. R. French, sergeant-at-arms of the senate, was the marshal. The remains were borne away on a special train, and Mr. Wormley applied to Sergeant-at-Arms French for permission to accompany the funeral party. This request was made known to Senator Anthony by Mr. French, and with all the liberality and kindness of heart for which that senator was noted he demurred. It would not do to permit a colored man to join the congressional party. Personally, Mr. Anthony had no objections, but the presence of Mr. Wormley would cause bad feeling in the party and excite unfavorable criticism. Mr. French pleaded in Mr. Wormley's behalf and urged that the strong bond of friendship which was known to exist between Sumner and Wormley made it eminently proper that the request should be granted. Fully Senator Anthony agreed that Wormley might accompany the cortege as caterer.

"You will be required," said Anthony, "to supply some lunch. Have Wormley furnish the lunch, and he can go to arrange and serve it."

Mr. French's respects for Mr. Wormley would not permit him to make such a proposition. Mr. Wormley was invited to accompany the remains to Boston, and Mr. French did not contract with Wormley for the lunch. Senator Anthony never knew that James Wormley attended the congressional committee charged with the interment of Sumner's remains as a mourner—perhaps the most sincere mourner in the official party.

Is the Moon Inhabited?

"At the astronomical observatory of Berlin," says a translation from *Nya Pressen Helsingfor*, "a discovery has lately been made which, without doubt, will cause the greatest sensation, not only amongst the adepts in science, but even amongst the most learned. Professor Blendmann, in that city, has found, beyond a doubt, that our old friend, the moon, is not a mere lantern which kindly furnishes light for the loving youth and gas companies of our planet, but the abode of living, intelligent beings, for which he is prepared to furnish proofs most convincing. The question has agitated humanity from time immemorial, and has been the object of the greatest interest. But the opinions have always differed very widely, and no two minds held one and the same. Already in ancient times the belief prevailed that the moon was inhabited by some higher organized, intelligent beings, somewhat resembling man, and in order to communicate with them, the earthy enthusiasts planted rows of trees several miles in length, so as to form the figure of the Pythagorean theorem. The celebrated astronomer Schroder, in the beginning of the present century, fancied he could detect places on the surface of the moon which periodically grew lighter and darker, and from this fact he derived the conclusion that the phenomenon was the proof of existing vegetation. During the last few decades, however, the idea of life on the moon has been held up to ridicule, and totally scorned by men of learning. But, nevertheless, it has now been proved to be correct. By accident Dr. Blendmann found that the observations of the moon gave but very unsatisfactory results, owing to the intensity of the light-power of the moon's atmosphere, which is so strong that it affects the correctness of the observations in a very high degree. He then conceived the idea to make the object-glass of the refractor less sensitive to the rays of light, and for this purpose he darkened it with the smoke of camphor. It took months of experimenting before he succeeded in finding the right degree of obscurity of the glass, and when finally found he then with the refractor took a very accurate photo of the moon's surface. This he placed in a sun microscope, which gave the picture a diameter of fifty-five and a half feet. The revelation was startling. It perfectly overturned all hitherto entertained ideas of the moon's surface. Those level plains which formerly were held to be oceans of water proved to be verdant fields, and what formerly were considered mountains turned out as deserts and

sand and oceans of water. Towns and habitations of all kinds were plainly discernable, as well as signs of industry and traffic. The learned professor's study and observations of old Luna will be repeated every full moon when the sky is clear."

The Rabbit Market.

A corner is reported to exist in the Denver rabbit market, and the gentle, long-eared, downy little nuisances have advanced to the unprecedented price of \$1.50 per pair. The corner appears to be confined to what are known as tame rabbits, the long-legged and free-living jack rabbit, the lordly monarch of the great American desert, still selling by weight, and being regulated in price by competition with other kinds of meat and game. The advance in tame rabbits has been marked and rapid, jumping in a few weeks from an average of 10 cents a pair to the quotations of yesterday, when they were strong at \$1.50, with every indication of a future rise.

A News reporter who was commissioned to investigate the causes of the rise in rabbits yesterday, interviewed quite a number of people in reference to the matter, but without finding any exact cause, although several reasons were advanced, none of them, however, wholly satisfactory.

The rabbit is known to be a very fecund animal, and there should be no trouble about the supply. Its fecundity is, however, an objection in the eyes of many. This fact would not of course account for the advance in price at this particular time, as it is a cause existing always. Anybody who has ever attempted to raise rabbits and trees or shrubbery at the same time can not but be aware of the temptation to attempt an extermination of the former after the destruction of the latter has been accomplished. An increase in the demand was looked for as affording a more probable explanation. This was found to exist. The increased demand appears to grow out of the fact that the tame rabbit is now esteemed as an ornament to a degree never before reached. It is not in his most aggravating shape, however, alone, that the appreciation for him is felt. It is when prepared by a taxidermist. In this respect the rabbit appears to have been adopted as the legitimate successor of the sunflower and the owl. Parlors are now ornamented with pretty pink (glass) eyed white rabbits, and the latest styles of bonnets have nesting in them in sweet innocence pretty little stuffed rabbits of all degrees of smallness. They are said to be much prettier and more artistic than the birds formerly so much in vogue.

It is claimed that there will be no great difficulty in restoring an equilibrium in the rabbit market. The present high prices may, it is feared, lead to overproduction. When it is considered that a new family of rabbits to each old one of the feminine gender comes into existence every six weeks, and that the progeny commences breeding at an extremely early age, the danger of final overproduction can not be concealed. But it must be reflected that the demand is yet but in its infancy, and it is safe to say that prices will have a tendency upward for some time at least. Against the danger of overproduction is the fact that the demand is for dead rabbits and not for live ones, and dead rabbits are not dangerously prolific.—*Denver News.*

Our Petroleum Product.

In 1865 our petroleum oil product was only some 1,500 barrels. Its use has steadily increased until now some 24,000,000 barrels is yearly consumed. We ship to all parts of the world; but the domestic consumption is far greater than the foreign. This oil has had varied uses. As an illuminant, it is the cheapest and in some respects the best light ever made use of by the human race. It is also a lubricant of great value. After refining, the residuum is converted into a wax, also into vaseline, and besides is used for dyeing purposes and as a disinfectant. Petroleum fields have been discovered near the Caspian Sea, and all Eastern Europe and portions of Asia are being supplied now from this quarter. Petroleum is found in several parts of the United States, but is most abundant in the oil region proper of western Pennsylvania. The oil territory extends from the eastern end of Lake Erie down through Venango and Butler counties in Pennsylvania, and as far south as West Virginia. In this last state the oil is thick and does not flow readily. In the neighborhood of Pittsburgh there are great gas wells but not much oil. The latter is often produced in such quantities as to cause loss to the holders. Some of the more recent wells have had the greatest production. The Phillips well in Butler county at one time poured out nearly 6,000 bbls. a day; but these great gushers, as they are called, do not last long. Their life is short. It is a wonderful product, is petroleum, and could it be utilized for fuel it would solve a most important economical problem.—*Democrat's Monthly for December.*

How a Taunt Originated.

New Jersey is sometimes jocularly referred to as a foreign country by persons who do not know the origin of their little joke. "After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been king of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, took refuge in the United States, bringing with them great wealth. Joseph tried to induce several states to pass an act to enable him as an alien to hold real estate, but they all refused. Finally the New Jersey legislature granted to him and Prince Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a tract at Bordentown, built magnificent dwellings and fitted them up in royal style with pictures, sculptures, etc. Joseph Bonaparte's residence was the finest in America. He was liberal with his money and made many friends. The Philadelphians were envious of the good fortune of the Jersey men in securing the two millionaires, and taunted them with being 'foreigners,' and with importing the king of Spain to rule over them." The taunt stuck, and is still repeated by many people who have no idea of how it originated.—*Atlanta Constitution.*